

Their scent

by Wait-what-pancakes

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Summary: A series of ungoing oneshots of Hetalia men. Each story is seperate and features different countries; yet the theme is constant. Countries done already: France (FrUk.) Rated M for sexual content, French, and hurt.

Their scent

When his favourite Englishman had returned home there was not much driving him out of bed the next day.

The sun was still low, creating soft golden glow on the walls. During the night he had moved from his own side with soft pillow to the other. His neck hurt from the hard, dense pillow Arthur liked to use, yet was content that he was able to smell him like this. He had not changed the linen of the bed just to be able to be able to inhale his scent longer.

Francis loved Arthur. This was something he wouldn't deny when asked, but was actually not confident about anymore nowadays and had always been afraid of being rejected.

Even though Arthur slept with him last night.

Even though Arthur slept _next him_ last night.

Yes, Arthur and Francis hadn't have sex in the longest of times. England was not one to really offer it to the Frenchman and France thought it was a little rude to ask. He lusted for Arthur's body however. He wanted to kiss it, stroke it, massage all the stress away, anything that would make him feel loved. Kiss his scars, kiss his neck, kiss his pain and stressâ€¦

Francis took his phone and browsed through the pictures of his crush. Hidden in the secret location named "Sourcils", password "handsome". Most of them were blurry as he didn't really ask for permission when taking his photographs. He grinned when he scrolled to the ones where

Arthur didn't realise he had ice cream on his nose.

Francis imagined the sounds Arthur had made when he cleaned that off. He remembered when he kissed his cheek after the annoyed Brit stated they looked like a couple when he did that. The red blush, heated cheeks— France remembered more related to the heated cheeks of the Brit. The memories were so old they felt more like dreams.

His memories involved England in their pirate days where he was dirty, dangerous and dominant, their kinky stage (which involved a lot more than sexy nurse costumes alone), and so many more when they just wanted to comfort each other.

Nowadays both countries were busy. Freedom was changed into rules and strict schedules, their clothes turned into business suits. They rarely saw each other, let alone privately. And when they did in their rare free time, they were too exhausted to do anything but fall asleep together.

This had frustrated Francis ever since this started to happen to them. He wish he could feel Arthur's hands and warmth on his skin and hear his passion filled moans again, bury his face in his neck as they both— His hands started to move over his chest like Arthur would have touched him.

"Je t'aime—" He whispered to the empty room. He traced the muscles on his chest. Arthur admired them, he knew. His hips too, he had caught Arthur staring more than once. "Arthur—" He said carefully, pronouncing the name like he could only compare with a marriage proposal. Urgent, sweet and hopeful.

The next time he said Arthur's name it was more a desperate but lustful moan. Francis had shamefully taken his fleshlight from under his bed. Having lubed it up, it would just be like Arthur would've gone down on him. Francis lay on his back, imagining Arthur between his legs, rubbing his thighs, kissing his bellybutton sweetly.

He imagined him to teasingly lick the shaft, lightly just to see the Frenchman's reaction. He mimicked the action with his fingers. He was already half hard, but this light touching proved very effective. He rubbed his legs, spreading them to let Arthur have more access. Arthur being dominant was one of his favourite things in the world, not only when it came to lovemaking. Seeing him choke on his cock truly a kink of his. But that had to wait for just a bit, his member needing more stimuli to swell. Francis slowly rubbed against the fabric of his blanket, like it was the Brit's body when he came up for a sweet kiss. Humping together, grinding, it would turn into riding but he held that thought away from his mind for now.

Arthur panted in the kiss and Francis grinned. "My, England—" He mumbled. "Am I that exciting?" The other blushed deeper and made his way down his body, stopping at his neck and nipples to give them extra love. Feeling the stiff member of the other man against his body aroused him more and when Arthur returned to his previous position between his legs he was fully hard and stiff.

England looked up at him with big twinkling eyes and took the tip in his mouth, teasing to see how much the man could take. He quickly started to take more in and Francis stroke his hair and eyebrows loving. Francis was not against moaning out loud; everyone could know

how good his partner was and how good it made him feel. He corrected himself- only his partner should know, he didn't want anyone to hit on Arthur. But that didn't stop him from moaning freely. And certainly when he watched and felt Arthur deepthroat him, Francis pressing down on his head a bit to make it last longer, he couldn't help but moan dirty language he would normally not be proud of to hear or say. His partner licking his shaft, sucking just his tip, cupping his balls and sometimes using his teeth slowly drove him crazy.

The Frenchman moved the fleshlight up and down in various speeds. It slurped whenever he pulled out a bit, wet sound when he pushed in more. His face was heated, sweat sticking to his hair. His eyes closed, his face was distorted with pleasure.

Arthur soon grew bored of blowing the Frenchman. Green lustful eyes looked up and came closer. Leaning in for a kiss Francis could taste himself. For a short moment they only made out, then Francis and Arthur moved as one, lifting Arthur's hips up and slowly letting Francis enter him. Arthur leaned on his hands, putting them on the hairy chest and slowly sat down on the French's hips. Pants and moans escaped the gentleman's lips, his member twitching as he adjusted.

Francis rolled over, burying his face in the pillow of Arthur. He deeply inhaled the scent, and started to move his toy faster. He was getting closer now, he couldn't last at all as long as he thought he could for it had been long since he had his relieve. He imagined the pillow to be Arthur's neck, in which he breathed. His own sweat mixed with the aftershave and perfume of the Englishman, dirtying the pure scent.

Arthur too was close like Francis. His hand wrapped around his own member, stroking it roughly as Francis pounded into him. They moaned in synch. Francis moves one arm around his shoulder, kissing the delicate skin of his neck.

"Oh Francis, baise-moi, s'il vous plaÃ®t!" Arthur moved his head back, arching his back while Francis picked up the phase.

"Inside?" Francis said, his thick accent covering the word.

"O-ouais."

"Oh yes, Arthur!"

The last words they spoke, knowing each others bodies so well, they knew they were close. Francis trusted a few more times before both men exploded into white bliss.

Francis panted and buried his face deeper into the pillow. "Arthurâ€¦ Arthurâ€¦" His half opened his eyes closed. He slid out of the fleshlight and threw it on the ground.

Oh, his Arthurâ€¦ His orgasm still ran through him, but the feeling of regret, shame and loneliness now started to flow over him. Such a sad creature he was, just full of lust. He loved Arthur more than sex alone.

"Arthurâ€¦ Je m'excuse."

Francis broke down. He started to cry desperate tears into the pillow. The sun was higher, the gold had turned more yellow and bright.

Now he had masturbated to his favourite Englishman, his very best friend, and had become nothing but an old perverted man, there was not much driving him out of bed the rest of the day.

End
file.